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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE PIECES OF FATE AFFAIR

Prod. #8447

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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Pieces Of Fate Affair"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. JACQUELINE MIDCULT'S HOTEL ROOM - ESTABLISHING -
NIGHT

1

SHADOWS moving in the room. CAMERA WITH them as they ransack the drawers ruthlessly, dumping the contents all over the floor. As they use knives on the bed and chair pillows. As they tear pictures off the wall. This has been in progress as we came to them, and it comes to a breathless halt as we CLOSE ON the shadowy forms in MED. CLOSEUP so we see their faces only indistinctly. They are TWO THRUSH AGENTS.

1ST THRUSH

There's nothing here.

2ND THRUSH

She must have them with her.

1ST THRUSH

But she is scheduled to die in---

2ND THRUSH (squints at

radium dial of wrist watch)

Four minutes.

1ST THRUSH

What can we do?

2ND THRUSH

Nothing except watch.

He gestures to the TV set. They skulk over to it and turn it on. The Joe White Show flickers into life.

ANGLE ON SCREEN - ON ANNOUNCER

2

who sits at a desk on which is a sign reading "THE JOE WHITE SHOW."

ANNOUNCER

...by the makers of Blizzard, the new low-calorie, high-energy soft drink.

2
CONT'D
(2)

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

3

The SAME SCENE.

ANNOUNCER

...Take advantage now of the special introductory offer...

ANGLE ON STUDIO DOORS

4

as SOLO and ILLYA enter, start moving toward seats in this small auditorium. Over this:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...presently being made by your friendly neighborhood grocer. This week only, an eight-bottle carton of Blizzard will be on sale for the price of our regular six-pack...Remember --
(in stentorian tones)

Blizzard is taking America by storm!

Illya and Solo find seats.

ILLYA (a bit reproach-
fully)

I told you we should have gotten here earlier.

SOLO

Relax. We'll catch her right after the show.

BACK TO ANNOUNCER

5

ANNOUNCER

...Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, Joe White will have as his guests for a provocative hour of conversation: an American Nazi, a man who claims to

(Cont.)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
have spent last weekend in a flying
saucer, and a young lady whose
remarkably successful first novel
has created a storm of controversy.

5
CONT'D
(2)

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

6

SOLO
That's what I like about Joe. He's
a man who dares to come to grips with
the burning issues of our time.

BACK TO ANNOUNCER

7

ANNOUNCER (rising)
And now, here he is, ladies and
gentlemen....The one -- the only --
Joe White!

The audience breaks into wild APPLAUSE as JOE WHITE him-
self walks out and seats himself. He brings with him a
very attractive young girl, in her middle twenties. The
girl, JACQUELINE MIDCULT, sits beside him, behind the
desk which the Announcer has now vacated. He lights a
cigarette, and waves a friendly hello to the audience.

8-9 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

10

White and Jacqueline sit down. She seems rather innocent
and lovely.

WHITE (to audience)
Thank you...Thank you...First on
the griddle tonight -- Miss
Jacqueline Midcult, the school-
teacher who wrote the dirty book.

Jacqueline's eyes widen. She didn't expect an intro-
duction quite like this.

JACQUELINE
Now just a minute here! That book --

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WHITE (cutting in)
Tell me, how did a girl of your
tender years and -- ah --
(rather insinuatingly)
presumably delicate upbringing
write a novel like that?

10
CONT'D
(2)

It takes Jacqueline a moment to digest this provocative
and insulting question. Then, in a cool and very sweet
voice:

JACQUELINE
Tell me, Mr. White, how did a man
of your obvious breeding and kindly
appearance get to be so unbearably
rude?

There is a TITTER from the audience.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

10X1

SOLO
Chalk up one for her.

ILLYA
I'm rather glad.

BACK TO STAGE

10X2

WHITE
I'm asking the questions, Miss Midcult.

JACQUELINE
They're very leading ones, Mr. White.

WHITE
You will admit, though, that this
"novel" of yours -- and I use the
term very loosely -- is just a thin
deception to write naked obscenity.

JACQUELINE (flaring)
It's not obscene! My book --

WHITE
"Pieces Of Fate," right?

JACQUELINE

Yes. "Pieces Of Fate." It's a spy story, you see, about people under stress...

10X2
CONT'D
(2)

WHITE (insipid)

Oh, come now, Miss Midcult, what we're talking about here is dirt. Blatant, outright, filth, isn't it?

JACQUELINE

No, it isn't. What I've tried to do is portray real people in real situ----

WHITE (sneering)

Real people!?! Oh, come on now, everybody knows real secret agents don't get mixed up in this kind of silly intrigue, in this kind of sex, in this kind of---

INTERCUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON ILLYA AND SOLO

11

as they whisper sotto voce.

SOLO

Everybody knows we don't get mixed
up like that.

ILLYA

Sure they do.

CUT BACK TO:

WHITE AND JACQUELINE

12

as White stops her words in mid-sentence.

WHITE

Wait a minute, Miss Midcult, there's
a man in the dock who seems to want
to say something to you.

(TO CAMERA)

Go ahead, sir.

REVERSE ANGLE - ON DOCK

13

which is a sort of lectern at which beefers and gripers
can snipe at the interviewee. The man standing there now
is SIMEON SPINRAD. He is a big bulky man who looks as
though he ought to be throwing bombs at labor meetings.
Very bear-like, grubby, a lotta hair, like that.

SPINRAD

Thanks -- What I wanna say to this
lady is....this!

And he darts a hand into his jacket, and comes up with a
burp gun that was strapped to his side. He unfolds the
wire stock and levels the weapon in a blur of movement
and suddenly sprays the stage with bullets.

INTERCUT - THE STAGE - CLOSER

14

the bullets rip up the gay backdrop of the set, as
bullets tear furrows in the desk, as bullets shatter the

water bottle and glasses on the desk, as bullets fly like hailstones all over the stage. White and Jacqueline dive for cover, but we get the impression they have been hit and are dead.

14
CONT'D
(2)

WITH SOLO AND ILLYA

15

as they leap up and go right over the seats toward the man in the dock, still firing. They charge into the aisle as the audience erupts into SCREAMING. Spinrad darts a look behind him, sees the U.N.C.L.E. team coming at him, guns drawn, and sprints for the stage. Like John Wilkes Booth he hits the stage and keeps running, past the desk, past the supine bodies, out through the wings and gone.

WITH SOLO AND ILLYA

16

as they gain the stage. Solo motions for Illya to go after Spinrad, and he plunges for the bodies of Jacqueline and White.

BT PAST SOLO

17

to their ostensibly cold stone corpses. Solo stands over them, and says nothing, holsters his gun and looks sad as Illya comes back to him.

ILLYA

Vanished.

ON BODIES

18

as White dazedly opens one eye, looks up, sees the U.N.C.L.E. agents. He grins a wickedly lopsided grin as Jacqueline begins to stir.

WHITE

Now that's the way to get ratings!

CLOSE ON SOLO AND ILLYA

19

they exchange takes. And as they do we FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

20

Mr. Waverly pulls down a chart from a wall attachment. One side of it is boldly indicated as CHAPTERS OF NOVEL and the equivalent sections on the other side are headed THRUSH MANEUVERS. Solo and Illya sit at the round table, watching. Waverly first points to a section of the novel, then tracks across to the opposite Thrush activity.

WAVERLY

Chapter One of Jacqueline Midcult's
"novel," gentlemen.

Solo considers the precis of the novel before him.

SOLO

In which an international cult of
villains called KILLJOY prepare to
seed the trade winds with deadly
anthrax germs...

WAVERLY (taps Thrush
side)

Nineteen sixty-two. THRUSH Central's
top maneuver is scotched by ourselves;
to whit:

ILLYA

The destruction of THRUSH's floating
laboratory in the Indian Ocean, from
which they planned to seed the trade
winds with anthrax.

Waverly points to the novel once again.

WAVERLY

Chapter Two of "Pieces Of Fate."

SOLO (from precis)

In which KILLJOY's head assassin, The
Spider, is killed by the sexy female
spy, May Waltzer, and thrown into the
heart of Mt. Vesuvius.

Waverly taps the right side of the chart, the THRUSH side.

WAVERLY

* And in nineteen sixty-five. Our top female agent, Miss April Dancer, encountered the THRUSH killer, Adam Locust...

20

CONT'D

(2)

ILLYA

* ...and disposed of him during a show-down on the slopes of Mt. Etna.

Waverly puts down the pointer, retires to his seat.

ON WAVERLY AND ILLYA - SOLO IN B.G.

21

as he lifts a copy of "Pieces Of Fate," considers it.

WAVERLY

Computer Section has compared this alleged novel with our closed case files, gentlemen. The similarities run to a staggering eighty-eight per cent.

SOLO

And the conclusion is that Jacqueline Midcult based her story on actual incidents involving THRUSH and ourselves.

WAVERLY

The New York Review Of Books could not have phrased it more succinctly, Mr. Solo.

ILLYA

* She couldn't have had access to our files?

Waverly shakes his head "no."

ILLYA (continues)

Then the only other source would have to be...

WAVERLY

The missing diaries of the dead THRUSH historian, Charles Coltrane. Exactly. Somehow, Miss Midcult has found those diaries. And, presumably, they contain information about future THRUSH plans.

ILLYA

Hence their interest in the young lady.

21
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY (nods)

And ours, Mr. Kuryakin.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TRIO

22

SOLO

✓ The THRUSH agents you captured ransacking her hotel room...they won't talk?

WAVERLY (shakes his head)

✓ Cyanide caps. Kamikaze agents brain-washed to expend themselves if captured.

ILLYA

Well, I would think that it's a simple matter of getting Miss Midcult to tell us where the diaries are.

SOLO

You didn't hear?

ILLYA

✓ Hear what? I was in the Interrogation Section with the THRUSH corpses.

WAVERLY

Miss Midcult was grazed by the assassin's bullet, and struck her head when falling. She has partial amnesia.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. U.N.C.L.E. INFIRMARY - DAY

22X1

Jacqueline sits on a cot, idly filing her nails as she listens to Solo who paces back and forth before her -- gently, desperately trying to restore her memory.

SOLO

Now, the diaries were kept by a man named Coltrane. Thrush became aware of his, uh, hobby and thought he might want to use them for blackmail. So they had him killed.

JACQUELINE

That's -- that's terrible!

22X1

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

But they could never find the diaries. Somehow, you did. And you used at least a part of one of them as background for your novel.

JACQUELINE (shakes her head gloomily)

I still don't remember.

SOLO (half-question, half-statement)

And you don't remember writing the book...

JACQUELINE (shakes her head)

Uh-uh. But I read it this morning. (brightly)

It's pretty good, don't you think?

SOLO (frowns)

It's -- evoking quite a bit of interest, yes.

JACQUELINE

You know what part I like best?

Over this, she has put down the nail file, tries to open a bottle of fingernail polish. As is the case with all bottles of nail polish, it's stuck. She hands it to Solo.

JACQUELINE (cont'd)

Would you open this, please?

(as Solo sets about doing so; it requires great effort)

I like the part where the school-teacher goes to the little town to visit her relatives, and all those things happen to her.

(solemnly)

I have a feeling I wrote that out of my own experience.

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Solo finally manages to open the nail polish bottle,
hands it back to Jacqueline.

22X1
CONT'D
(3)

JACQUELINE (cont'd)
Thank you.

SOLO
What was the name of the town?

She starts applying the polish.

JACQUELINE
Wilmo. Wilmo, Illinois.

SOLO
No, that was in the book. That was
fictional. What was the name of the
real town?

JACQUELINE (thinks hard,
then sighs)
I'm sorry.

SOLO (a frown)
All right. We'll try again later.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THRUSH SATRAP/NEW YORK - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK) -
DAY

23

A midtown scene of skyscrapers with the SUPERIMPOSED
LEGEND:

THRUSH CENTRAL NEW YORK

CUT TO:

INT. THRUSH HEADQUARTERS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

24

DOWN-ANGLE SHOT IN PERSPECTIVE. CLOSE PAST the huge, rising bulk of ELLIPSIS ZARKO to the small figure (in perspective, lower right of frame) of Simeon Spinrad. This shot holds our attention for Zarko has his hands behind his back, and we see he is wearing a rich, deep-blue velour dressing gown, from which protrudes his right hand, which is sheathed to the elbow in a flexible steel brace, a metal hand of stainless steel that is attached by studs to the bone of what must be (inside that gauntlet) an amputated arm. Spinrad is terrified. We cannot see Zarko's face. But his voice is the thunder of Odin from Asgard.

SPINRAD

I had no way of knowing, Mr. Zarko. The UNCLE agents came out of the audience....It's true I didn't kill her, but---

¹³
ZARKO (musing)

When I was twelve years old, I made my first genuinely original decision. I killed a playmate who would not trade me some bubble gum cards I needed to ²complete my collection.

SPINRAD (now petrified)

But, sir, you don't know where the diaries are! You want her alive now! So I didn't really fail! I....

ZARKO (continues blithely)

It was a small matter at the time -- one was a Sopwith Triplane and the other was a Spad XIII -- but it taught me there are two kinds of people in this world, Spinrad...

SPINRAD

Fifteen years of slavishly loyal service to THRUSH, sir!

CAMERA MOVES AROUND TO SHOW us Zarko's face. Strong, malevolent, a huge man with a stainless steel hand. We now also see a THRUSH EXECUTIONER standing behind and to the side of Spinrad.

ZARKO

Two kinds, Spinrad. Those with bubble gum cards, and those without.

(beat)

Have you noticed, Spinrad: I deal in allegory and subtle distinctions.

(beat)

But my conclusions are obvious.

He signals to the Thrush Executioner, who pulls out a weapon with a silencer. Spinrad's eyes widen, and he tries to scream, but the Executioner fires. Spinrad falls.

NO

ZARKO (to Executioner as he starts for door; very casually)
When you've cleaned that up, call Miss Merle. Tell her I'm on my way over.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. JUDITH MERLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

25

The apartment serves as a working headquarters for JUDITH MERLE, a literary type and, we shall discover, an internationally known critic. Right now, Judith is seated at her desk -- which is cluttered with manuscripts, galleys and assorted other papers which suggest that she is a very busy woman indeed. She is speaking into the telephone.

JUDITH (into phone)

...That's right. My review will be published Wednesday.

(a feline smile)

I'm sure, darling, that by Thursday morning, the author will be back to selling neckties....'Bye.

NO

She hangs up, turns to her typewriter, begins pounding at it fiercely, rather as if it's a machine gun blasting away at the enemy. There is a KNOCK on the door.

JUDITH (as she types)

Come in.

Zarko enters. Judith stops typing, rises.

JUDITH

Good afternoon. They told me you were coming.

25
CONT'D
(2)

Zarko sidles over to the desk, glances idly at the paper in her typewriter.

ZARKO (perusing the sheet in the typewriter)
Into whose unsuspecting back are you plunging your little stiletto this time, my dear?

JUDITH

Some inconsequential little man who fancies himself a poet. He's beneath notice, really.

Zarko smiles, walks to a bookshelf, begins casually noting its contents. With his back toward Judith:

ZARKO

Tell me, have you enjoyed your first day as a THRUSH employee?

JUDITH

Frankly, I find it no different than any other day.

Zarko turns to face her, laughs.

ZARKO

I'm not at all surprised. After all, we've really been in the same business for many years.

JUDITH

Oh?

ZARKO

Judith Merle, world-famous critic and literateur, book reviewer and confidante of authors....Ellipsis
Zarko, fourteen years as a top THRUSH agent and holder of three medals for meritorious service.

(a beat)

We employ different means, my dear, but we're equally skilled as -- assassins.

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Judith smiles, apparently pleased by this compliment.

25

CONT'D

(3)

Star!
ZARKO (cont'd)

Are you ready for your first assignment?

JUDITH

After praise like that, I'm ready and eager.

ZARKO

cont'd
I'd like you to arrange a literary tea for Jacqueline Midcult.

JUDITH (thoughtfully)

Mmmmm. The UNCLE agents have her right now. Do you think they'll let her come?

ZARKO (the smile of a crocodile)

They won't be able to stop her. There is no more vain creature in the universe than one with its name on the cover of a cheap volume.

book
ZIP PAN TO:

INT. JACQUELINE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

26

A pleasant room. Jacqueline has just finished eating -- breakfast or lunch which room service has sent up on a trap -- and is presently taking a final sip of coffee. Solo, over the pacer, moves about throwing questions at her.

SOLO

Now. Once more. You don't remember the town at all.

JACQUELINE

You mean Wilmo, Illinois.

SOLO

I mean the real life counterpart.

JACQUELINE (shakes her

head)

No.

SOLO

All right. Let's try a different tack. You have no recollection of your parents.

26
CONT'D
(2)

JACQUELINE (sadly)

Uh-uh.

SOLO

No other relatives?

JACQUELINE (another
shake of the head)
I'm sorry.

Solo continues to pace, frowning.

SOLO

What about --

JACQUELINE (simul-
taneously)
Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Napoleon.

JACQUELINE

Napoleon. How long are you going to
keep me cooped up in here?

SOLO

It's hard to say, Miss Midcult --

JACQUELINE

Jacqueline.

SOLO

Jacqueline. It's for your own pro-
tection. You see --

He breaks off as there is a KNOCK at the door. A second
later, Illya enters.

JACQUELINE

Oh. Good morning.

Illya nods to Solo, who nods back. Then, to Jacqueline:

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ILLYA

There was some mail for you at the
desk.

26

CONT'D.

(3)

little
JACQUELINE

For me?

She takes the envelope he proffers, blows on the fingernail to which polish has already been applied, starts to read the letter. Over this:

26
CONT'D
(4)

SOLO (to Illya)

Anything?

ILLYA

I just spoke to headquarters. Intelligence has pinpointed Miss Midcult's whereabouts every day since she got out of college --

SOLO

Well, that's promising.

ILLYA

-- Except for a five-month period last summer. And that's when she mailed the manuscript in.

SOLO

And the publisher has no idea where it came from.

ILLYA

One of the mail clerks seems to remember that it had an Ohio postmark.

JACQUELINE (as she reads
her letter)
Ooooh!

SOLO

What is it?

JACQUELINE

I'm invited to a literary tea! In
my honor!

Solo takes the letter from her, glances through it. Jacqueline dashes for the closet.

JACQUELINE (at closet)

What'll I wear? I mean, I've never been to a literary tea before. And I'm the reason for it!

SOLO

Jacqueline, I'm afraid you're going to have to turn it down.

26

CONT'D

(5)

JACQUELINE (eyes wide)

Turn it down! But --

ILLYA (to Solo)

Napoleon...

(Solo turns)

May I have a word with you?

Illya draws Solo aside.

ILLYA (cont'd)

I think we should let her go. It may awaken some memories.

SOLO

It's too dangerous. If she goes, you can bet Thrush'll be there.

ILLYA

That might help us. They may be further along on the trail of the diaries than we are.

Solo ponders this for a moment, then, with a slight nod to Illya, returns to Jacqueline.

SOLO

Jacqueline, you can go to the tea on one condition.

JACQUELINE

What's that?

SOLO

You'll have to have two escorts.

He smiles. Jacqueline brightens as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

JUDITH'S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING - EVENING

27

the fashionable congregated. A stack of Jacqueline's books are on a glass-top table; the men are elegant, slim, a bit foppish, showing a lot of white cuff. The women are slim, elegant, sexually cold and showing a lot of leg.

TRAVELING SHOT - MED. CLOSE

LOW-LEVEL SHOT SHOWING only legs as we travel through the room, and get the sense of the literary cocktail party through the use of VOICES O.S. while HOLDING ON legs.

CAMERA LOW PAST the glass-top table of books and a pair of female legs standing in front of a pair of male legs.

1ST WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What I heard was that she was a school-teacher in Indianapolis.

CAMERA MOVES AND KEEPS MOVING so these speeches fade in and out and hold while we are HOLDING ON the specific legs. PAN TO two sets of male legs.

1ST MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

...so I said to him, I said, what do you mean a serious novel about the death of a carrier pigeon wouldn't sell...

CAMERA MOVES TO AND HOLDS ON a pair of male legs and a pair of female legs: make them look ominous, if legs can be ominous.

JUDITH'S VOICE (O.S.)

...UNCLE men...probably two of them...
we have to get her away from them...
but she mustn't be hurt...

THRUSH AGENT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Can I have a drink?

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CAMERA RISES TO their faces. It is, of course, Judith Merle and a huge, thin THRUSH AGENT with a Vandyke beard. A Ted Cassidy kind of big man, not too bright.

28
CONT'D
(2)

JUDITH

You can have a rap in the mouth if you don't shape up, nitwit!

THRUSH AGENT (resolved)

I can't have a drink.

CAMERA PANS AWAY from them, leaving the impression Judith is not entirely pleased with THRUSH's idea of an aide. CAMERA MOVES THROUGH crowd of literary types who AD-LIB the usual Manhattan gossip nonsense.

MED. LONG SHOT - ACROSS THE ROOM - ON TRIO

29

of Illya and Solo and Jacqueline as they enter. The boys are in tuxedos now. Jacqueline is sweet and a bit fluttery at being inside her first literary tea. The crowd spies her and there is polite APPLAUSE.

WITH JUDITH

30

as she detaches herself from the Thrush Agent and comes to the trio.

JUDITH

Darling, I'm so pleased you came early. Most novelists feel they have to assert their individuality by coming late.

She waits for introductions, but when Jacqueline seems at a loss, Solo steps in.

SOLO

I'm Napoleon Solo, Jacqueline's new literary agent. My associate, Mr. Kuryakin.

JUDITH

Judith Merle.

SOLO

Oh, yes. I admire your reviews; very incisive.

FAVORING JUDITH AND JACQUELINE

31

amed by the U.N.C.L.E. agents.

JUDITH (to Solo)

For "incisive," read "nasty." But
I thank you in any case, Mr. Solo.

(beat; concerned)

Jacqueline, don't you remember me?
Judith? I gave you that rave review
in the Morning Standard.

ILLYA (jumps in)

Uh, Miss Merle, unfortunately that
unpleasantness on The Joe White Show...

JUDITH

Yes, I read about it.

ILLYA (resumes)

--- Well, I'm afraid Jacqueline has
partial amnesia. It isn't permanent,
of course, but....well, you under-
stand....

JUDITH

Oh, what a terrible thing! I'm so
sorry.

JACQUELINE

Thank you.

JUDITH (warmly)

You poor darling!....Uh, why don't
you go on in and mingle. I'll be
right along.

They move past her and she makes definite motions over
their heads, signalling across the room that Solo and
Illya are the agents.

SHOT PAST JUDITH - ACROSS ROOM

32

with the tall bearded Thrush Agent watching her signals.
CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON his evil face as he nods receipt of
the signals.

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WITH TRIO

33

as they move through the room, pausing here a beat to shake hands with someone, there a beat to exchange a few words and a laugh AD-LIB. During this movement, we see that Jacqueline is wearing an ornate coiffure held in place by a handsome and elegant tortoise-shell comb.

Across room we see Judith talking guardedly into a phone, nodding, then starting toward the three, who have settled into a small clique with SEVERAL PEOPLE.

WITH JUDITH - AERIFLEX

34

As she bears down on them talking. She grabs Jacqueline by the arm and locking it with her own in a friendly manner drags her away. Solo and Illya look disturbed, but questions are being put to them and they can only watch over their shoulders as Judith maneuvers the girl through the room, from group to group, but always toward a bedroom door.

JUDITH

Darling, you simply must meet Rahj Singh, the psychedelic poet.

1ST WOMAN (to Solo)

Oh, you're an agent....well, I'm having such tsuriss with mine...

2ND WOMAN (to Illya)

Basically, Camus was a fraud! His problem was he lectured people. You can't lecture people....now here's why you can't lecture people...
(as she starts to lecture)

SOLO

Excuse me.

ILLYA

I'll be right back.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

35

as they break out of the group and start to track Judith and Jacqueline, who have gone into the bedroom. They push through the mob, get to the door, and are about to push it open when we hear the voice of the dumb (but tall and bearded) Thrush Agent behind them.

THRUSH AGENT

I have a gun in your back.

SOLO (to Illya)

Has he a gun in my back?

ILLYA (checks)

He has a gun in your back.

SOLO (to Thrush Agent)
~~I think you're trying to tell me some-~~
thing.

35
CONT'D
(2)

The dumb Thrush Agent gestures toward the front door, and the trio move toward it as we:

CUT TO:

INT. JUDITH'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - EVENING

36

as TWO THRUSH NASTIES load Jacqueline, gagged and bound, into a big black clothing bag. They zip it up and one of them dumps her across his shoulder. She squirms and makes NOISE. One of the Nasties looks confused, but Judith uses a copy of "Pieces Of Fate." She raps Jacqueline on the head, and there is* silence from the bag.

JUDITH

Get her to the car. Use the service elevator. Take her to Zarko.

They start to leave through another door as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. JUDITH'S BUILDING - REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

37

CLOSE ON a pair of feet, tied together at the ankles, bouncing down a flight of metal stairs. CAMERA MOVES RIGHT SLIGHTLY TO another pair of feet, similarly bound and bouncing. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW us the huge, dumb Thrush Agent pulling the bound and gagged Illya and Solo behind him, like two bags of dirty laundry, down the steps leading into a dingy alley. Though he has them by the scruff of their necks, they are so bound that they bounce bounce bounce along behind the Thrush Agent. CAMERA WITH him.

THRUSH AGENT (densely)

Miss Merle said t'get rid of you.

I'll show her I ain't a nitwit.

He drags them down the alley, and pauses as he comes a-
last of a plate-door flush in the wall. It is labeled,
COAL CHUTE - DANGER. He smiles.

CLOSER SHOT

38

as he drops them on their backs. They lie there very crumbled and unhappy. He pries open the coal chute and props it up.

THRUSH AGENT (like
Lenny in "Of Mice And Men")
Gee, you're gonna like it down there
.....it's dark.

He grabs Solo by the shoulders and jams him halfway in so he's sitting on the lip of the chute. Then he grabs Illya and sits him beside Solo.

THRUSH AGENT (cont'd;
*nitwitty)
Maybe today, maybe tomorrow, comes
about ten tons of nice black coal on
yer heads. 'Bye-'bye.

And he gives them a shove with his foot, they disappear.

PERSPECTIVE SHOT - TO CAMERA

39

as the bound and gagged UNCLE agents come sliding down the big trough toward the mound of coal at FRAME BOTTOM AND TOWARD CAMERA. As they race NEARER TO CAMERA we see their eyes wide with terror and we FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ZARKO'S SUITE IN THRUSH HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

40

CLOSE ON Zarko's hands, one polishing the other with a chamois and a can of silver polish. PAST hands we see Jacqueline tied to a chair, Judith behind her.

ZARKO

This ludicrous pretext of amnesia will not work, Miss Midcult. We here at THRUSH find it offensive when we are talked stupid.

JACQUELINE

But it's true!

JUDITH

And I suppose Solo and Kuryakin really were your literary agents.

Jacqueline looks sheepish. She looks away.

ZARKO

Has Obelisk reported in yet?

JUDITH (nods)

The U.N.C.L.E. men have been put out of the way, permanently.

ZARKO (happily)

Ah, so, you see, Miss Midcult, obfuscation and dissembling will avail you little.

(to Judith)

Take her to the torture room!

BLUR PAN TO:

INT. COAL BIN - BASEMENT - NIGHT

41

It is very dark. In point of fact, it is so dark we can only vaguely see anything. Let's face it, in a coal bin at night, it's dark. We hear the voices of Solo and Illya.

SOLO

We're not dead yet.

ILLYA

I am overcome with awe at your incredible grasp of the situation.

41

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

But we could be dead very soon. If they drop a load of coal.

ILLYA

How did you get your gag off?

SOLO

Snagged it on something coming down the coal chute.

(beat)

Hey, how did you get your gag off?

ILLYA

I used my right hand.

SOLO (accepts it)

Oh.

There is an extended beat of silence, then Solo asks very *IT IS 2-10-67 early morning. Even the birds are silent.*
gently. *situation is a bad one.*

SOLO

How did you get your right hand free?

ILLYA

Snagged it on something coming down the coal chute.

SOLO

Oh.

(beat)

Well, don't you think it's advisable for us to get out of here before the coal truck comes along?

ILLYA

What's the rush? This is the first solitude I've had in weeks.

SOLO

The rush is that ten tons of coal on my head might well muss my hair.

ILLYA

Unlikely.

SOLO

All right, I'll play your silly little game. Why is it unlikely?

41
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA

Because if you listen carefully, you'll hear the sound of a gas furnace. This building doesn't use coal any more.

ALL
FURNACE

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH TORTURE CHAMBER - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

42

edited

CLOSE ON Jacqueline's face. EXTREME CLOSEUP holding her eyes, which are open, but glassy. Colors play across her eyes. Deep blue, flickering red, coruscating yellow, vivid green. Then repeat. She does not move as we hear the voices over:

JUDITH'S VOICE (O.S.)

Why are you using pentothal and the hypno-disc?

ZARKO'S VOICE (O.S.)

If it is amnesia, we have to break the block, probe deeply into her unconscious.

(beat)

We have to plumb her libido and draw out her id.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW us the full scene. Jacqueline is on an operating table that has been levered vertical. The ornate hypno-disc machine washes the walls and her face with the changing, soothing lights. EERIE MUSIC UNDER. Zarko and Judith stand near her. Zarko still holds the hypodermic syringe.

Now they move in closer and CAMERA GOES WITH them into a TIGHT HEAD THREE SHOT as we play the colors over Jacqueline's face but (if possible) not theirs, giving us a strange surrealistic feeling in this scene. Zarko speaks in a hypnotic voice that breaks from time to time with frustration.

ZARKO

Jacqueline...Jaaacquelinnnneee....

JACQUELINE (in same
rising tone)
Yeeeeeeesssss?

42
CONT'D
(2)

ZARKO
Repeat after me: I will tell the nice
Mr. Ellipsis Zarko everything.

JACQUELINE
Repeat after me: I will tell the nice
Mr. Ellipsis Zarko everything.

ZARKO
Good.

JACQUELINE
Good.

ZARKO (bugged)
Don't speak unless spoken to.

Jacqueline's face relaxes once again and into sweet and
simple honesty.

ZARKO
Did you write a novel called "Pieces
Of Fate," Jacqueline?

JACQUELINE
No. But I wrote a story about a day
at the zoo. And I colored it with
my crayons. Pink and blue and gold
and --

ZARKO (eyes widen)
Tell me your name.

JACQUELINE
Jacqueline Susie-Q Midcult, an' I'm
sebben years old....

Zarko is horrified. Judith is confused.

ZARKO
Good heavens, we've gone too deep.

JUDITH
She thinks she's a child?

ZARKO

She is a child, personality regression.

42

CONT'D

(3)

JACQUELINE

I'm sebben years old and next summer
I'm gonna visit my Unca' Charlie an'
his sister, my Auntie Jessie, in a
pretty farm house in Painesville,
Ohio...

Zarko reacts.

ZARKO (growing excitement)

Ohio. She has relatives in Paines-
ville, Ohio....Maybe that's where
she wrote the book....If so...

CLOSE SHOT - ON JACQUELINE

43

featuring the tortoise-shell Spanish comb holding her
elaborate hairdo in place. MOVE CLOSE ON the comb as we:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. STEAM ROOM - SHOWERS - SOLO AND ILLYA - NIGHT

44

MATCH SHOT with communicator propped against a ledge with
shower steam swirling about, and the voice of Zarko
(filtered) coming out of it. SOUNDS of the boys taking a
shower in the B.G. under.

ZARKO'S VOICE (filter)

...The diaries must be back there...

JUDITH'S VOICE (filter)

...And when the drugs wear off she'll
take us straight to them.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO SHOW us Solo and Illya, naked to
the waist (SHOT cut off at waist) as they suds the coal-
dust off themselves. The communicator is nearby, and they
listen.

ZARKO'S VOICE (filter)

Hopefully she'll remember. The
pentothal and hypnosis may have
ingrained the amnesia deeper.

JUDITH'S VOICE (filter)

Then we'll tear the town apart!

44

CONT'D

(2)

SOUND goes DEAD on communicator as SOUND in shower room RISES.

SOLO (musing)

Ohio...Didn't you say the manuscript was sent from Ohio?

ILLYA

Right. It was devilishly clever of you to put that communicator in her hair comb.

SOLO

It may save our jobs.. Mr. Waverly isn't going to be happy about our losing her in the first place.

ILLYA

I won't say anything if you don't.

SOLO

Let's just go save her, comedian.

ILLYA (philosophically)

"Humor is the gadfly on the corpse of tragedy".

SOLO

Pushkin?

ILLYA

My maternal grandmother. You'd've loved her.

Solo gives him a withering look as they start to dry themselves and we:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

45

CLOSE ON the communicator in Solo's hand, emitting a high-pitched, spaced SONIC BEEP. The beeps come closer and closer together (as though targeting in on the source) as

the CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW us Solo and Illya, standing in the dark mouth of an alley. Solo and Illya keep watching the street.

45
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

The beeps are getting closer.

ILLYA

They're bringing her this way.

Illya pulls out his Uncle gun. Now, the BEEPS almost merge and we begin to get a SUSTAINED TONE. They snap alert.

ILLYA

Here they come.

ANGLE ON STREET

46

as a huge moving van lumbers around a corner. The SONIC TONE is now steady and HEARD OVER. The van comes closer, closer, closer.

WITH SOLO AND ILLYA

47

We see now they are in saboteurs' garb -- black turtle-neck sweaters, black slacks, shoulder holsters, climbing shoes. They watch the approach of the moving van and so do we as the van is FRAMED IN CLOSE by them on either side of frame. As the moving van passes them, they dash into the street and hop up onto the back deck, a thin running-board affair. They grab handholds on the rear of the van.

*Covered
TRUCK*

WITH SOLO AND ILLYA - AERIFLEX (IF POSSIBLE)

48

CLOSE TO them with the rear wall of the van. There is a door in the rear of the van. With an appropriate Uncle device, Solo gets the door open and the pair break into the van to greet the three incredulous Thrushies within.

NO LOOK

ILLYA (his gun at the Thrushmen)

We're from the Welcome Wagon.

NO

INT. MOVING VAN - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

49

as Solo slams the door closed behind himself and Illya. The interior of the moving van is fitted out like an apartment. A chandelier, sofas, a bar, the usual accoutrements of those traveling in style.

SOLO

Where's the girl?

Thrush Number One is about to dissemble when a chair that swivels turns around and we see Jacqueline bound hand and foot and gagged, in the chair.

JACQUELINE (through

gag)

Mmmmmmmmf!

Illya continues covering the Thrushies as Solo goes to Jacqueline and starts to untie her. He has a bit of trouble with the ropes as we:

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

50

as the moving van lurches around a corner, sharply.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

51

as the interior of the van lurches, throwing Illya sideways into one of the Thrushies, who grabs the Uncle gun and slings it under the sofa. This is the cue for violent action to commence.

WITH THE ACTION - AERIFLEX

52

Illya closes with one man, they scuffle.

The two other heavies grab Solo.

Illya chops his man and dives across the sofa at the heavies working over Solo.

1-4-67

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52
CONT'D
(2)

Illya grabs them by the hair and yanks them away from Solo.

Solo kicks Illya's man (who has recovered) in the shin and drops him with a vicious uppercut.

Illya fighting in a tangle amid the furniture with the two heavies.

Solo leaps, grabs the chandelier and swings across, kicking one of Illya's heavies in the face, down he goes.

Illya butts his heavy in the stomach and sends him back just in time for Solo to catch him on the bounce and flatten him.

53-58
OUT

STREET - ON MOVING VAN - NIGHT

58X1

as it brakes to a stop and the Driver and the dumb Thrush Agent we have seen earlier, emerge hurriedly, race to the back of the van, open the door or ramp or whatever.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

58X2

as the door opens and Solo and Illya find they have two more Thrushies to contend with -- which they do in appropriate fashion. Part two of fight. When it's all over, Solo moves to Jacqueline, finishes ungagging her.

SOLO
Are you all right?

1-4-67

P:33

JACQUELINE (the
seven-year-old; sobbing
woefully)

Mama! I want my mama!

58X2
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

59

BEST ANGLE TO SHOW Jacqueline sitting on the desk,
dangling her feet. She is looking dubiously at a pill
she holds between two fingers of one hand. In her other
hand is a cup of water. Waverly and the boys are present.

JACQUELINE (protesting)
But I don't wanna take a pill!

Solo holds up an ice cream cone.

SOLO
It'll go down nice and easy. And
then you can have the ice cream.

JACQUELINE
Promise?

SOLO
Scout's honor.

Jacqueline reluctantly swallows the pill, makes a face,
gulps some water. Solo hands her the ice cream which she
takes eagerly.

ILLYA (to Waverly)
Do you think it will work, sir?

WAVERLY
The Medical Section assures me that
it will. We can't say when her
memory will return, but she won't be
a seven-year-old much longer.

A BETTY SECRETARY enters, hands Waverly an envelope.

WAVERLY
Thank you.

She exits. Waverly looks at the envelope, then hands it to Solo.

59
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

Here are your train tickets to Ohio.
(a beat)

And, gentlemen, please -- don't lose her this time.

SOLO

We'll do our best, sir.

The boys turn to go to get Jacqueline, who has been playing a seven-year-old girl all through this scene, albeit silently. She shrugs off Solo's hand.

JACQUELINE

Don' wanna go. People keep tyin' me up.

SOLO (as to a child)

No one's going to tie you up, sweetheart.

ILLYA

We're going to go see Unca' Charlie and Aunt Jessie.

JACQUELINE (wide-eyed)

In Painesville?

SOLO

That's right.

Jacqueline leaps down, ice cream all over her face, and grabs Solo's hand. She pulls him toward the door.

JACQUELINE

C'mon, c'mon, I wanna go now!

Waverly stares at them with saint-like resignation as the confused secret agents move toward the sliding door, which opens.

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

60

As they emerge from Waverly's office, escorting the seven-year-old Jacqueline.

1-2-67

P.35

SOLO (softly)
If she doesn't come back from seven
years old, we'll never find the
diaries.

60
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
We can always look on the bright side.
With a mentality like that, she could
write a real best-seller.

On Solo's reaction, we FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN COACH - (PARTIAL PROCESS) - DAY

61

as the train moves through the flat Midwestern countryside. Jacqueline is dozing peacefully on one double seat, partially covered by a light blanket. Solo and Illya are in the seats facing her. Now the train lurches slightly, and the girl's eyes open.

JACQUELINE (blinks)
Where -- where am I?

SOLO
Don't you remember? On a train near-
ing Painesville, Ohio.

JACQUELINE (as she sits
up)
Painesville? Ohio?
(as she peers at Solo and Illya)
Oh, I remember you. The two UNCLE
agents. Napoleon and -- Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA
Illya.

SOLO (to Jacqueline)
Do you remember Painesville?

JACQUELINE (thinks)
Dimly....
(suddenly it comes to her)
Now I know! That's where I wrote the
book!

NO
Solo and Illya exchange glances. Maybe this is the break-through.

SOLO
With the aid of certain diaries. Do
you remember where those diaries are?

Jac~~queline~~ thinks again as the boys wait eagerly. At last:

JACQUELINE (shakes her
head)
Uh-uh.

61
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Think some more. Hard.

Jacqueline thinks some more, hard. Then:

JACQUELINE (despondently)
It's no use.

SOLO
Do you remember an Uncle Charlie and
Aunt Jessie?

JACQUELINE
My Uncle Charlie and Aunt Jessie?

SOLO
That's right.

JACQUELINE (after a beat)
No.

ILLYA (to Solo)
Well, she's not seven years old any
more. But I'm afraid we're right
back where we started.

SOLO (thoughtfully)
A little ahead of that. She does
remember the town. I have a hunch
it'll come back fast from now on.

name
ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - (STOCK) - DAY

62

as a train comes chugging in to this small-town station,
pulls to a stop.

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - DAY

63

So helps Jacqueline down the train steps onto the plat-
form. Behind them, Illya, carrying three small suitcases.
A sign reads "Painesville -- Pop. 1834." The trio move
into --

INT. STATION - DAY

64

Where a STATIONMASTER is on duty, apparently the only one in the room at the moment the three passengers enter. Illya places the luggage on the counter.

ILLYA (to Stationmaster)
We'd like to check these until we get settled.

STATIONMASTER
You betcha.

He starts preparing the necessary stubs.

SOLO
We're looking for someone named Charlie who has a wife named Jessie. Ring any bells?

STATIONMASTER (as he works)
Nope. I'm new around here. They just moved me in from Cincinnati.

Illya, over this, has been thumbing through the small phone directory on the counter. Now he frowns.

ILLYA (to Solo)
There's no Midcult listed.
(to Jacqueline)
Your uncle must be on your mother's side.

STATIONMASTER (to Illya)
Here's your stubs.

He hands Illya the baggage claim checks. Suddenly:

JACQUELINE
The bookstore!

SOLO
Hmmm?

JACQUELINE
I remember the bookstore. Don't ask me why, but -- but it just came to me. Buck's is the name.

(Cont.)

1-2-67

P.39

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
(as the boys ponder this)
Oh, it's not a real bookstore. More
stationery than anything else, but --

64
CONT'D
(2)

STATIONMASTER
Buck's is right down the street. I
know that much.

SOLO
Let's try it.
(to the Stationmaster)
Thank you.

The trio exit.

ANGLE ON DOOR BEHIND COUNTER

65

This is the tiny office used by the Stationmaster. It
opens now and Judith Merle steps out. The Stationmaster
turns, bewildered.

STATIONMASTER
Hey! Where'd you come from?!

Ignoring his question, Judith steps to the telephone on
the counter. - B2

JUDITH (coolly)
May I?

Without waiting for an answer, she picks up the receiver,
dials a few numbers and:

JUDITH (into the phone)
They're on the way to the bookstore.
You know what to do.

She hangs up. The Stationmaster looks dazed as Judith
starts for the exit.

CUT TO:

EX MAIN STREET - DAY

66

Jacqueline and the boys walk along.

1-2-67

P.40

JACQUELINE

I mean, it's really creepy. I remember Painesville -- or some of it -- and I know I wrote the book here. But it's like I'm seeing it all through a fog. And there are so many things I don't remember.

66

CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

After that crack on the head, the pentothal and the hypno-disc, we're lucky you have a mind at all.

ILLYA

If you'll excuse me -- *prowl around*

SOLO (a bit surprised)

Where you going?

ILLYA

I'm going to prowl around a bit. There must be a number of Thrushes about. Maybe I can smoke out a few and keep them off your back.

SOLO

Excellent idea. See you. *you Prowl around*

Illya detaches himself from the others, moves off in the opposite direction. CAMERA STAYS WITH Solo and Jacqueline.

JACQUELINE (looking

toward the vanishing Illya)

He's nice.

SOLO (shrugs)

He's all right.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON BOOKSHOP - DAY

67

as Solo and Jacqueline come abreast of it. It is a humble little store. BUCK'S BOOKSHOP -- filled principally with paperbacks and greeting cards. In the window is a stack of Jacqueline's books. And an original manuscript. They enter.

INT. BUCK'S BOOKSHOP - ESTABLISHING - DAY

68

Really gloomy. The place looks as though even the silverfish wouldn't live there. Out of the gloom emerges a tiny little gnome of a man. Pointed ears, beady little eyes like a marmoset behind wire-frame glasses. A string tie, a shapeless suit. OEDIPUS BUCK, bibliophile. He comes scuttling forward as they enter his little universe.

BUCK

Oh. Oh. Oh, Miss Midcult, welcome to my shop, welcome back to Painesville, oh, let me dust off a -- uh, here --

He rushes about them like a spastic spider, and pulls a hankie from a breast pocket, dusts a cloud of grey shmootz off a battered chair. A CAT that was asleep in the dust SCREECHES and vanishes into the gloom. He helps Jacqueline to the chair. Solo looks around.

WITH SOLO

69

He wanders closer to the window and stares down at the manuscript on display there. It is, of course, the rough draft of "Pieces Of Fate."

SOLO

I see you have the original manuscript of Jacqueline's book on display, Mr. Buck.

BUCK

Oh my, of a certainment I do. I'm exceeding proud to be so fortunate.

Jacqueline smiles. Solo walks back to them.

SOLO

How did you get it?

BUCK (flustered)

Get it, uh, get what?

SOLO

The manuscript.

BUCK

Oh! Oh yes, to be sure yes. Well, when Miss Midcult's book became the scintillance of overnight wonder that it became of itself, I went to her esteemed uncle and aunt, and bade them to honor me with its use.

(beat)

Would you like some jasmine tea?

Solo nudges Jacqueline. She does a moment's take; which Buck does not see -- mostly because he's a nit -- and then she gets the message. She smiles ingratiatingly.

JACQUELINE

I'd love some, Mr. Buck.

BUCK (simplers)

Do to be sure call me Oedipus.

He clutters away like something out of Tolkien.

JOSE ON SOLO AND JACQUELINE

as he stoops next to her chair. They speak in whispers.

SOLO

Bring anything back?

JACQUELINE

I remember the store very well. I spent a lot of time here while I was writing the book.

SOLO

And Buck?

JACQUELINE (giggles)

I think he's cute.

SOLO

Splendid. But do you remember him well enough to trust him? We may need an ally.

JACQUELINE

Oh, I think so. The little bird.

Buck comes trundling back with a Japanese tray holding a pot of steaming jasmine tea, and some cups.

69
CONT'D
(2)

70

THREE SHOT - FAVORING BUCK

71

as he pours the tea and hands it to them.

SOLO

Mr. Buck, can we trust you with some privileged information?

BUCK (perks up)

I am the silence that infests the tomb.
I am the hush to be found at the bottom
of the Cayman Trench. I am the sealed
lippedness of the eternal --

SOLO (cuts in)

Right. Got it. Okay, here's our
problem. There are some diaries
Jacqueline used to write notes for
her book...

JACQUELINE

Ten of them. In brown leather bindings.

Solo looks at her. She suddenly realizes she has remembered
something, and the grin spreads over her face.

JACQUELINE (awed, to

Solo)

I remembered!

Solo grins and gives her a reassuring squeeze.

SOLO

These diaries are vastly important,
Mr. Buck. There's an impending
plagiarism suit in New York...we need
them as evidence.

BUCK

Say, even the dumbest eye could per-
ceive to ascertain their necessity.

(beat)

Why don't you get them?

JACQUELINE

I misplaced them.

Buck slowly nods understanding. He bites his lip. They
watch him. He takes a few beats.

BUCK

I don't know where they are.

71
CONT'D
(2)

Solo looks as though he'd like to decapitate the little bird. Of course you don't know where they are, stupid!

SOLO

Yes, of course, we know that, Mr. Buck. What we'd like you to do is help us find them.

BUCK

Have you asked Miss Midcult's aunt and uncle, over at the house?

ANOTHER ANGLE

72

SOLO

Well, ah, the fact of the matter is, Mr. Buck, as you may have gathered, Miss Midcult has suffered a partial loss of memory....

JACQUELINE

I've even forgotten my aunt and uncle.

BUCK (surprised)

Charlie and Jessie?! Oh, my poor child! Why they live at three-one-two Pine Street!

SOLO

Three-one-two Pine. Excellent. We'll go there right away.

Solo - Parky and...
CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY AT REAR OF BOOKSHOP - DAY

73

A rather seedy back view. Crates and junk. An OLD MAN stands on a stack of the crates peering through a peephole into the bookshop. The Old Man has a cane standing beside the crates.

VIEW THROUGH PEEPHOLE

74

of Solo and Jacqueline, over tea, in intense conversation with Mr. Buck.

BACK TO SCENE

75

Now Illya comes into view, stops as he sees the Old Man, stares at him for a long beat. Finally:

ILLYA (mildly)
Looking for something?

The Old Man turns. Suddenly Judith ENTERS THE SCENE.

JUDITH
If you'll raise your hands, Mr.
Kuryakin.

Illya whirls to find himself staring into Judith's gun. Quickly he starts a lunge for Judith. She is about to fire. Just as quickly, the Old Man hits Illya with his c, sends him sprawling. Judith and the Old Man bend over him. Illya is unconscious. After a moment, Judith looks up at the Old Man reproachfully.

JUDITH
I would have killed him if you hadn't
interfered.

OLD MAN
They would have heard the shot.

JUDITH
I have a silencer.

OLD MAN (respectfully)
Excuse me, Miss Merle, but I think
it's better to keep him alive.
(shrewdly)

If his partner should learn too much,
we have a hostage.

Judith ponders this for a moment.

JUDITH
Perhaps you're right.

OLD MAN
I'll hide him away. My car's right
around the corner.

75
CONT'D
(2)

JUDITH (looks at the
Old Man closely)
I haven't seen you before.

OLD MAN
I just came in this morning. I'm
with Reserve Unit X-14.

JUDITH
Very good. Remind me to put in a
word for you with your Unit Commander.

OLD MAN
Thank you.

Judith moves off. Grabbing a leg, the Old Man starts
dragging Illiya away.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - APPROACHING CHARLIE'S HOUSE -
DAY (TOWARD EVENING)

76

WITH Solo and Jacqueline and car as it comes by BEST ANGLE.
The house is the epitome of Steamboat Gothic. Brooding,
dark, sunk to the knees in the earth. A house of dark
memories. A place where despair lies pressed tight against
the walls. A home for lethargy, for dull evils, a place to
which old smoke goes for final death. The ancestral manse.
Gloom, forbidding.

INT. CAR - AERIFLEX - DAY (TOWARD EVENING)

77

as Solo and Jacqueline pull up outside the house.

SOLO
Wuthering Heights.

JACQUELINE (suddenly)
Hey! I remember now! This is where
I wrote the book! And I remember
Uncle Charlie and Aunt Jessie!

SOLO

Go on.

77
CONT'D
(2)JACQUELINE (mounting
excitement)

It's really coming back now!....Last summer, I was pretty -- well, pretty disillusioned. I mean, it was right after a whole flock of rejection slips. So I came here to rest, to sort of -- take stock, you know? It was the first time I visited my aunt and uncle since I was seven years old....I wasn't going to write a word....Then I found the diaries.

SOLO (surprised)

You found them -- here?

JACQUELINE (nods)

They were in a big trunk. Uncle Charlie said he bought it from the railroad. You know, at one of those unclaimed luggage sales?....The trunk was up in the attic.

They look up. The attic is a cupola with a dormer window, now dark in the lengthening shadows of evening. Like a blind eye in a rotting corpse. Dim and evil.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

78

As Solo and Jacqueline emerge from the car, the front door opens and a man emerges. He is UNCLE CHARLIE. He is rugged in a weatherbeaten way. The years have had their way with him. There is kindness in his face, but something deeper, something that was once perhaps sinister. He seems delighted -- but not really surprised -- to see Jacqueline.

GROUP SHOT - PAST SOLO

79

as Uncle Charlie reaches Jacqueline and enfolds her.

CHARLIE

Jackie!

JACQUELINE (snuggles)
Oh, Uncle Charlie, I'm so glad to be
here, oh, it's so good to see you --
you still smell from that nasty pipe
tobacco!

79
CONT'D
(2)

They laugh.

CHARLIE
Are you just passin' through, or are
you gonna stay a spell.

Jacqueline looks at Solo. Then:

JACQUELINE
I'd like to stay for -- just a little
while, if it's all right.

CHARLIE
All right?! I'll fix up a room for
you right away.

JACQUELINE
How's Aunt Jessie?

CHARLIE (hesitates)
She's -- ah -- fine. She's -- not
home now. Had to go to a funeral in
Akron.

He looks quizzically at Solo.

JACQUELINE
Oh, Uncle Charlie, this is Napoleon
Solo, a very dear friend of mine.
He's with my publisher. They asked
him to stay with me till the promotional
campaign is over.

Charlie moves forward and grabs Solo's hand in a hearty
shake.

CHARLIE
Glad to have you around, Mr. Solo.
Nice to have some word from the Big
City.

SOLO

Nice to be here, sir. You have a
very friendly town, and a lovely home.

79

CONT'D

(3)

CHARLIE (a touch ominous)

It ain't much, but we call it our blue
heaven...

They laugh as CAMERA ANGLE RISES TO HOLD that dark and
brooding dormer window. CAMERA ZOOMS IN SLOWLY ON the
window and we:

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - REVERSE ANGLE - DARK

80

PAST someone standing in the window watching the scene of
rustic greeting below. The attic is dark, only the
mustiest feeling is perceived. But though we cannot see
precisely who is waiting at that window, we see a stain-
less steel hand resting on the window sill and we hear the
evil voice of Zarko.

ZARKO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Heaven, Mr. Solo.

(beat)

Or possibly....hell.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the stainless steel hand as it makes a
frightening fist and we FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

81

CLOSE ON hand holding communicator. There is the tell-tale BEEP of communication being established as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW us Solo huddled against the wall of the gloomy back stairway of the house.

SOLO (into communicator)
Scramble frequency. Open Channel "D."

INTERCUT WITH WANDA IN UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

82

WANDA (at the console)
Channel "D" open and coded; go ahead, Napoleon.

SOLO
Have you heard from Illya?

WANDA
Not a thing since your last regular check-in. Has something happened?

SOLO (slowly)
No-o-o. Maybe not. I'm not sure yet.
Put me through to Mr. Waverly.

WANDA
I can't. He isn't here. Hasn't been here for the last two days. Some special assignment. Is it important?

SOLO (frowns)
No, forget it. Channel "D" out.

He begins to replace the communicator when a shaft of light fills the bottom of the stairwell as a door is opened below. Solo hunkers out of sight.

CUT THROUGH DOOR UP STAIRWELL

83

so we cannot see Solo. Uncle Charlie pokes his head in and yells up.

CHARLIE
Mr. Solo! Soup's 'bout on!

83
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.;
from above)
Right there...keep it hot.

Charlie smiles, pulls his head back in and closes door.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

84

as Uncle Charlie comes back in from stairwell, sits down and puts napkin under chin. The kitchen isn't even particularly warm and friendly. It looks like something out of a 1920 Clifford Odets depression play. Jacqueline is at Uncle Charlie's left.

CHARLIE
Nice young fellow, Jackie. Any
cuddlin' ideas about him?

JACQUELINE (embarrassed)
Oh, Uncle Charlie!

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

85

where Zarko, wearing an earphone, listens to the conversation in the kitchen below.

BACK TO KITCHEN

86

CHARLIE
Well now, sweetheart, you're more
than old enough to have a husband.
Yessir, got to talk to that Mr. Solo
about his intentions with you, young
missy.

ANGLE ON DOOR TO STAIRWELL

87

It opens and in comes Solo. He hastens to the table and slings a leg over the chair, ranch-hand style.

SOLO

Good evening.

87

CONT'D

(2)

CHARLIE

Evenin', Mr. Solo. I ain't as good a cook as my better half, but I hope it ain't too bad.

SOLO (smiles)

I'm sure it will be a gourmet's delight.

He takes a spoonful of the soup.

CHARLIE

Tell me, Mr. Solo, you're in the publishin' world.....have we really, honest-to-goodness got a best-sellin' authoress on our hands here?

SOLO

Well, "Pieces Of Fate" has gone through six printings in three months. Over two hundred and fifty thousand copies in hardcover.

(beat)

In a word, Jacqueline's got a runaway winner. And we think the sequel will do even better.

There is a moment of hot silence. The sequel?

CHARLIE (choked, scared)

Sequel?

BACK TO ATTIC

88

ON Zarko, listening intently.

BACK TO KITCHEN

89

SOLO (surprised)

Why...yes. Hasn't Jacqueline mentioned it? Oh, of course not. How could she? We've been so busy getting her reacquainted.

JACQUELINE (brightly)
Napoleon's just being kind, Uncle
Charlie.

89
CONT'D
(2)

CHARLIE (hard)
You're going to be starting it soon,
Jackie?

JACQUELINE
As soon as I can get some notes
together.

CHARLIE
Notes?

JACQUELINE
Mm-hm. I've got some notebooks filled
with ideas, situations...

SOLO (cuts her off)
Let's not talk about that now. Right
now I think Jacqueline just wants to
taste the hospitality of home.

BACK TO ATTIC

90

ON Zarko, frustrated.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

91

in the moonlight, we COME IN ON a haystack. We HEAR
CRICKETS and the SOUNDS of NIGHT BIRDS. CAMERA CLOSES
ON stack and GOES INTO IT TO BLACK and

THROUGH BLACK TO:

INT. HAYSTACK - NIGHT

92

BLACK SEPARATES to indicate we are now inside the hay-
stack. The Old Man has Illya trussed and gagged in the
hay. He stands over the Uncle agent. The interior is
lit by a candle that flickers eerily. It is jammed into
the ground. The Old Man turns to go, opening a hidden
door in the haystack.

NOT Vdz

MD
SLACK
yes

OLD MAN

I'll be back soon. Try to get comfortable.

92
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. HAYSTACK - FIELD - NIGHT

93

CLOSE ON stack as the secret door opens and we see Illya tied and lying on his side inside; the Old Man skulks out and vanishes.

INT. HAYSTACK (AS BEFORE) - NIGHT

94

ON Illya as he looks around.

INTERCUT - ILLYA'S POV - WHAT HE SEES

95

the candle. His hands are tied in front of him. He can burn the ropes off. A scythe hanging on the hay. He can cut the ropes off. A pitchfork imbedded in the sod in a dim corner. He can pull the ropes off.

BACK TO SCENE

96

as Illya hitches himself over to the candle, and very quickly burns the ropes off with no trouble. (Have them tied so there is slack between the wrists.) He pulls the tape off his mouth and looks perplexed. He takes the scythe down -- it was in easy reach. He looks at the pitchfork.

ILLYA (musingly)

It's not supposed to be this easy.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

97

It is a spare room, in the Spartan sense. There is a bookcase filled with manuscripts and research books. A typewriter on a small enamel kitchen table. A lamp over the table casts a fitful pall in the room. There is a floor heater and a big easy chair. A room where a solitary girl could write a book. Solo and Jacqueline are in the center of the room, looking around.

JACQUELINE

This is where I wrote the book.

97
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Is it where you kept the diaries?

JACQUELINE (perplexed)

Yes...at first. Then, I put them....
somewhere....

SOLO

But you don't remember where.

Jacqueline looks unhappy, bites her lip, wrings her hands,
then confesses helplessness.

JACQUELINE

I'm sorry, Napoleon. Really sorry.
But things are coming back so quickly
now....I'm sure I'll remember.

There is a BEEP from Solo's pocket. He pulls out the
communicator.

SOLO (into communicator)

Solo here.

INTERCUT WITH ILLYA OUTSIDE HAYSTACK - NIGHT

98

ILLYA (into communicator)

Good evening, Napoleon. Has any-
thing of consequence happened while
I was gone?

SOLO

Where have you been?

ILLYA

It's a long story. And a rather
embarrassing one. Among other
things, I was overpowered by an
old man with a cane.

SOLO

An old man?

ILLYA (sadly)
With a cane. And when things like
that happen, Napoleon, I wonder if
I'm not in the wrong business.

98
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Are you all right now?

ILLYA
I'm fine. And eager to atone for my
misadventure.

SOLO
Good. I'm at Uncle Charlie's place.
That's at three-one-two Pine. If
you can get over here and sort of
sneak in, you can help us look for
the diaries.

Solo clicks off the communicator and thrusts it back into
his pocket.

SOLO (to Jacqueline)
Now, to go about this intelligently,
there are only so many rooms in the
house. That means --

The communicator BEEPS again. Solo takes it out and,
thinking it's Illya:

SOLO (into communicator)
What did you forget this time?

INTERCUT WITH WANDA IN UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 99

WANDA (at the console)
I beg your pardon?

Solo reacts. After a beat:

SOLO
Oh...Wanda...I didn't know it was
you. What's new?

WANDA
Well, we ran that make on Uncle
Charlie....

SOLO (cutting in)
What make?

99
CONT'D
(2)

WANDA
The one you asked for.

SOLO
I didn't ask for any make.

WANDA (a bit irritated)
Well, somebody did. Anyway, here it is. Full name Charles Coltrane. He was a member of THRUSH for twenty-eight years. Supposedly killed three years ago. His dossier was in the closed file.

SOLO (rather stunned)
You're certain? The make is absolute?

WANDA
We ran it through two computers. No doubt at all.

clicks off. Solo replaces his communicator, and turns to look at Jacqueline.

SOLO
The diaries...they were your Uncle's.
(beat)
He's with THRUSH!

HOLD ON Jacqueline's horrified face as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

100

as Illya moves out of the bushes, looks about surreptitiously. He moves to a partially open window of the house into which he is supposed to sneak, tries to open it further. No luck. The window has one of those inside locks that allow it to be opened only so far. He frowns. Then he looks down at a storm cellar door in the ground. He opens it, enters --

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

101

lets the door down above him, starts through the eerie darkness of the basement. Suddenly we HEAR the SOUND of a sudden movement, and as Illya turns to the sound he is cracked very hard across the side of the head. He tumbles and falls as CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSEUP framed by a pair of legs (which we cannot make out as male or female in the dimness) and we:

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

102

as Uncle Charlie tinkers with the engine of an ancient car. Solo enters, steps to him.

CHARLIE

Ah, Mr. Solo, know anything about automobile engines?

SOLO

A little. Tell me, Uncle Charlie -- know anything about THRUSH?

Charlie reacts, his eyes wide with alarm.

CHARLIE

I don't know what you're -- *Talking about!*

SOLO

Forget it, Charlie. I know almost all of it now. You want to fill me in on some of the details?

Charlie slumps defeatedly, takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE

All right. When I escaped from THRUSH, I came here. I lived here all along, you know. But they never knew about it.

SOLO

About your double life...

CHARLIE (nods)

That's right.

SOLO

When did they find out?

102
CONT'D
(2)

CHARLIE

The other day. When they sent in all their people. They would have killed me then, but I guess they wanted to -- to make everything look normal to Jacqueline.

SOLO (wryly)

You do put on a pretty good show for your niece. Uncle Charlie, the small town bumpkin. Warm, lovable, gemutlichkeit....

CHARLIE

I had to act that way. They're watching me. They've got the house bugged. One wrong move on my part...

SOLO

And goodbye, Charlie.

CHARLIE (very seriously)

It's not me I'm worried about, Mr. Solo. It's not me at all.....

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

103

as Illya looks at the woman who slammed him across the head. She's middle-aged, motherly.

ILLYA

Who are you?

JESSIE

Jessie Coltrane. Who're you, boy?

ILLYA

It's a long story. Let's just say I'm trying to help Jacqueline----

JESSIE (relieved)

Well, it's about time you legged it in here, boy. I've been trussed up in this basement for days.

(Cont.)

JESSIE (cont'd. -
beat)
Just now got my ropes undone.

103
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (digests this)
There -- ah -- there are a number
of questions I should ask. First
of all, who put you down here?

JESSIE
That man -- and that woman.

ILLYA
Oh.

JESSIE
I mean the man with the -- the hand.

ILLYA
All right. I'll save the other
questions for later... I have a
feeling we'd better....

Suddenly, a THRUSHMAN looms up before them, gun in
hand; he has come either through the storm doors
or through another entrance to this basement.
Before he can fire or take any other action, Illya
kicks the gun away.

A savage, U.N.C.L.E.-type fight starts while Jessie
looks on in horror. When Illya is momentarily down,
the Thrushman turns his attention to Jessie, who
is attacking him with a shoe or something similar.
He shoves Jessie away; she has given Illya the
opportunity to rise. The fight between the two
men resumes -- and ends with Illya delivering a
solid, flattening punch.

ILLYA (to Jessie,
gesturing to storm doors)
As I was saying before I was so
rudely interrupted -- I have a
feeling we'd better get upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

104

Solo, fully dressed, lies atop the covers of his
bed, staring at the ceiling, deep in thought. He
starts as there is a KNOCK on the door. He moves
for his gun, relaxes when:

JACQUELINE'S VOICE (o.s.)
It's me, Napoleon.

104
CONT'D
(2)

Solo rises.

SOLO
Come in.

Jacqueline enters, breathlessly.

JACQUELINE
Napoleon! I remember it all
now! I remember where I left
the diaries!

Solo quickly puts his finger to his lips, indicating
she should whisper it.

JACQUELINE
Huh?
(then, a whisper as
she gets it)
Oh. They're up in the attic.
Or at least they were.

Solo quickly puts on his jacket.

SOLO
Let's go.

They exit into the --

CORRIDOR

105

and move quickly through it to the --

end of fight
122/A to you see

STAIRWELL LEADING TO ATTIC

106

They climb the stairs, approach the closed tower -- or attic -- door at the head of the stairs.

INT. ATTIC (DORMER TOWER) - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

107

ANGLE ON door as we HEAR sotto voce the whispered AD-LIBS (from Solo and Jacqueline) on the other side. It isn't important to hear what's being said on the other side, because in the darkness of the big tower room we are SHOOTING PAST that deadly stainless steel arm, raised like a club to hit whomever steps through the door first.

The door slips open slowly and Solo enters as Zarko swings the arm in a deadly arc. Solo senses it at the last second, ducks, and the arm goes right through the thin wood panel of the door, shattering it.

Jacqueline clicks on the light. Solo blinks, goes for his gun -- but Zarko beats him to it, drawing his own weapon with his other hand as he pries his metal arm free from the door. Solo regards him with wonder.

SOLO

Ellipsis Zarko! So this is your caper!

Zarko smiles at Solo. He is twice Solo's size.

ZARKO

It's been too long, Mr. Solo. Not since that little affair in Tannu-Touva.

(beat)

Charming to see you again....

With a sudden move, Solo kicks the gun out of Zarko's hand. It goes CLATTERING across the floor. Solo smashes Zarko across the chops, and Zarko goes down on one knee. Solo is about to accomplish the coup de grace when:

BUCK'S VOICE (O.S.)

Stop it, Mr. Solo. Desist this very instant!

Solo whirls -- as does Jacqueline -- to face Buck the book-seller, who has picked up Zarko's gun. Now Zarko moves confidently again.

ZARKO

You've met Mr. Buck, I believe. It was a large contingent we moved into town, Mr. Solo. We had to be everywhere when Miss Midcult regained her memory. So you're checked.

107
CONT'D
(2)

At this moment Illya and Jessie creep in the door behind Buck and Illya grabs the gun away from Buck, shoving him toward Zarko.

ILLYA

He's unchecked now, Zarko!

JACQUELINE

Aunt Jessie!

Jessie rushes to Jacqueline and takes her in her arms.

SOLO (to Illya)

Well, I guess that takes care of that. Now there's only the matter of --

SHOT THROUGH ATTIC ROOM DOOR

108

as Judith and the Old Man enter stealthily behind Illya and Judith grabs the gun away from Illya.

JUDITH

The game progresses, and once again you are in check, Mr. Kuryakin.

She brandishes the gun and Illya moves over to his team as Judith grins evilly.

JUDITH

But the game nears its end. Last chapter, last play.

And suddenly the Old Man smoothly reaches over, and with his cane raps her on the head. He grabs the gun as she falls. Then with his free hand he pulls off the rubber mask under which he has been hiding, and we see it is Waverly. Very coolly, he speaks.

WAVERLY

Check. And mate.

There is a beat of absolute silence as everyone stares at the marvelous urbane gentleman who has just played the last play.

108
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Sir, we're -- ah -- more than grateful to see you, but -- ah -- what are you doing here?

WAVERLY

I gave myself a special assignment, Mr. Solo. I couldn't risk another mistake like losing Miss Midcult the first time.

ZARKO

How did you get into our infiltration group?

WAVERLY (bland)

I infiltrated.

ILLYA

Where are the diaries?

JESSIE

Diaries?

JACQUELINE

Yes, Aunt Jessie. Ten books of diaries Uncle Charlie wrote.

JESSIE (draws up primly)

That filth! I found them up here. Weren't fit to be in a decent home!

SOLO, ILLYA AND JACQUELINE

(simultaneously)

Where are they!?!

Jessie gestures to a pot-bellied stove in the room.

JESSIE

I burned 'em!

Solo opens the stove, reaches in and as he lets a handful of charred remains sift down from his fingers CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE and we:

ZIP PAN TO:

1-2-67

P.64

TAG TO COME

(The Tag, roughly one and one-half pages, will play in Mr. Waverly's office and will involve Waverly, Solo, Illya and Jacqueline.)

*Waverly office + dialog missing
etc*

THE END